THRENODIA APOLLINARIS.

A Funeral POEM, TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM EARL *COWPER*, &c.

——Mors ſola fatetur
Quantula ſunt Hominum corpuſcula.

By *E. SETTLE.*

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A Funeral POEM, &c.

WHAT tho' but rais'd from Duſt, thou (*Humane Mould*,
By what Illuſtrious *Charter* doſt thou hold!
Thou, when the GOD his *World's* Foundation caſt,
Of his whole ſix Days Work, the Greateſt *Laſt*:
Yes, *Earth*, *Heav'n*, *Stars* and *Sun*, the whole vaſt
He built for Thee, all to thy Service bound. (Round,
Thus marſhal'd by the ARCHITECT Divine
Did his Firſt leſſer Leading Labours ſhine.
Their humbler Glories in the Front appear,
Whilſt Thou true *Soverein-like* bringſt up the Reer.
As proud HUMANITY, GOD's nobleſt Frame,
In his own *Image* ſtampt, this Right cou'd claim:
To that rich BREAST this vaſter *Portion* giv'n,
Wit, *Learning*, *Wiſedom*, thoſe bright Sparks of Heav'n;
Nay and theſe too *Illumin'd* yet more Bright
All by conſummate VIRTUE's radiant *Light*;
This *Finiſh't* Piece, a Copy rais'd to ſhine
Thus *neareſt* the ORIGINAL Divine,
What Luſtre muſt theſe added *Graces* give,
Proud MAN to heighten thy *Prerogative!*

Such

Such the loſt *Head* we mourn: ſo *COWPER*
A Soul ſo Furniſht, Genius ſo Refin'd, (ſhin'd,
No Brow cou'd richer *Chaplets* ever twine,
At leaſt with GEMS from every *Hallow'd* MINE.
Yes, fair *ASTREA*, Thou *Celeſtial Maid*,
To thy High Service his Devotion paid,
In thy *ſearch'd* TREASURY this *Student* ſweat,
Till rais'd to thy *Sublimeſt* ALBION-*Seate*.
Nor only did thoſe acquir'd *Laurels* twine (thine:
That Honour'd Brow. *COWPER* was ſure born
From Thee his *Animated Frame*, his whole
Promethean Fire, all from thy *Heav'n* he ſtole.
COWPER thus rais'd, thy well-tun'd *Lyre* now
Chant firſt, my *Muſe*, his *Inſtauration Song*. (ſtrung
Yes, ſing what more *Peculiar* MERITS led
To the Advancement of that *Darling* HEAD.
Here what tho' *Heaven's Vicegerents* ſet ſo juſt
A Value on that proud *Tribunal Truſt*,
As not their beſt-lov'd *Fav'rites* to advance
To that *High Charge*, a fixſt Inheritance.
No, ev'n their *Delphick Heads*, in jealous Pain
From th' Expectation of a ſhort-liv'd Reign,
No leſs then barter'd for a warm Retreat
Before their Entry to th' *Orac'lous Seat*.
This WORTHY rais'd to that Illuſtrious Sphere
Made no ſuch mean proviſionary Care;

Alike

Alike his *MERITS* and his *SOUL* ſo large
Receiv'd more gratefully his ſacred Charge.
Nay in the *Britiſh Annals* to proclaim
The *Unmatcht COWPER*'s Celebrated *Fame.*
Beyond the Wreathes his *Predeceſſors* wore;
No leſs then *Twice* call'd to that *Orb of* Pow'r;
Such *Royal Smiles* an ample Proof have giv'n,
Reward of *VIRTUE* is the Care of Heav'n.

Nay and to mount Great *COWPER*'s Deathleſs (Name
Yet higher ſtill in the Recodrs of Fame,
What tho' we ſaw prevailing *Cuſtom* hold,
Thro' whole Revolving Ages, uncontroll'd;
Each Annual Round when th' *Hieroglyphick Snake*
Caſt her old Skin, a renew'd Youth to take;
Lo! The *High Lords* on fair *ASTREA*'s Throne,
Had that long abject Condeſcenſion ſhown;
Stooping ſo low as even to claim their Due
From th' open'd Purſe of their own Vaſſal Crew.
His brighter *Long-Robe* GLORY look'd beyond
The ſordid Gleanings from ſo poor a Fund:
Diſdaining from that low'r Dependant Tribe,
Their *New-Years*'s Offerings, too like a Bribe:
Great *COWPER* to that *Generous* HONOUR born,
His cleaner *Hands* did that vile Tribute ſcorn.

Yes here, my *Muſe*, in all his brighteſt Ray
Th' *Unmercinary COWPER* to diſplay.

With

With his juſt *Perquiſites of* HONOUR pleas'd,
His unaſpiring Views no higher rais'd,
Of all the HEADS thro' his *High Sphere* had paſs'd,
None a more Narrow Pile of Wealth e'er maſs'd:
As thus the well pleas'd *Heav'nly Regent* ſaw
Such MERIT rais'd t' her Higheſt Helm of LAW:
His Hand not held her *well-pois'd Scales* alone;
'Twas *Expedited* JUSTICE grac'd his Throne.
Nor EQUITY's Deciſion here e'er fail'd;
Whilſt RIGHT alike in *Rags* or *Robes* prevail'd.
As thus that ſteddy unſtopt Courſe ſhe ran;
To the true WORTH of this *Prodigious* MAN,
Our bending Knees the leaſt that we cou'd pay,
This was but *COWPER*'s Work of *every Day*.
Nay ſo far *Juſtice* Scepter to maintain,
As ev'n t' uphold her Univerſal Reign,
His *Oracles* were not pronounc'd alone
In her dear Cauſe from his *Judicial Throne*.
The *Star-crown'd* VIRGIN threaten'd to be driv'n
Back from her lower Orb t' her Native Heav'n,
By *Fraud* and *Rapines* Plotting Sons of Night;
All ſo foreſeen by his *Prophetick Light*.
COWPER ſo warm againſt that Reigning Vice,
Shame of the World, deteſted *Avarice*,
The Sourſe from whence our *Faults* and *Follies* riſe,
Cou'd his wiſe Counſels have unſeal'd all Eyes;

What

What fairer Courſe had *Publick Juſtice* ſteer'd
No Danger from *Malignant Aſpects* fear'd,
The *Albion Air* from *South-Sea Blaſts* all clear'd;
No longer to Enlightning *Reaſon* blind,
He had both *Reſcu'd* and *Reform'd* Mankind.
Nay in *Faith*, *Truth* and *Honour*'s juſt Defence
COWPER, with all that *hardy Eloquence*,
Miſguided Counſels ever boldly dar'd
So to confront; Not *Spots* in *Stars* He ſpar'd.
If poſſible, all Pupils in his School,
Reſolv'd fair EQUITY the World ſhou'd Rule:
Thus of Pow'r's leaſt irregular Step aſham'd,
'Gainſt *Right*'s *Invaſion*, ſtill ſo loudly blam'd,
Ev'n in *Recorded Satyr* He Declaim'd.
And now my *Muſe*, take a more lofty Wing
And his yet more Exalted *Glories* ſing.
But as thus enter'd to that ſpacious Field
His whole *Memoirs* had to a Volume ſwell'd,
However to diſcharge thy *Duteous* Debt
Some few of his yet *Brighter Scenes* repeat.
'Mongſt his *Crown Services*, th' *Unbroken Chain*
Of *Glories* thro 'his long *Judicial Reign*;
Sing, how thoſe *Conſtellated* WORTHIES mixt,
Th' *United Roſe* and *Thiſtle*'s *Gordian* fixt;
To that rais'd Pile his leading Hand he lent;
The *Sovereign ANNE*'s *Immortal* Monument.

As

As Providence on that great Labour ſmil'd;
Cou'd his *Pacifick Zeal* have reconcil'd
BRITANNIA's *Inbred Feuds*, all *Party* Rage,
His Soul's Abhorrence, hiſs'd from off the Stage,
Her *COWPER* had reſtor'd the *Golden Age*.
Yes, at his *Entry*, tho that clam'rous Crowd
Of *Party Murm'rers* rais'd a Cry ſo loud;
Scarce had He paſt thro' one *Revolving Year*,
When *Rancour*, *Spight*, and every *jealous Fear*,
Like Miſts all vaniſhing before the SUN,
So much all Hearts his darling VIRTUES won;
So Univerſal a *Converſion* Wrought,
That his worſt Foes to one bent Knee they brought.
Here t' all the ſhining Wreaths by *COWPER*
Add one *Gem* more his CORONET t' adorn, (worn,
When th' amaz'd *ALBION* from her *Cloudy North*,
Beheld that late engendring *Storm* break forth;
A *Cloud* ſo ſoon by *GEORGE*'s *Beams* diſpell'd,
O'er that *Lov'd HEAD* ſuch the protecting Shield,
Firm to their Charge, his *Guardian Angels* held.
Then *COWPER*, rais'd t' a yet ſublimer Pow'r,
His *Royal Maſter*'s nearer *Image** bore; *Lord High Steward.
To thoſe *Faln* STARS, call'd to pronounce their Doom
(Such the *Old Dragons Tail*,) ſwept down by *Rome*;
From that bright *Orator* his *Silver Tongue*,
Ev'n with the Voice of *Death* their *Dirge* He Sung.

So

So tenderly his *Pitying* JUSTICE felt
Thoſe watry Eyes how did their *Sentence* melt?
But that *Fam'd* ELOQUENCE his Bed of Duſt
Has now to an Eternal Silence huſht.
As the Laborious *COWPER*, in a *Cauſe*
So glorious, ſtill with that deſerv'd Applauſe;
Thus Honourably to his KING, his GOD,
And COUNTRY, paid th' *unſhaken Faith* he ow'd.
Wonder not through the Life of that *Great* MAN,
Greatneſs beſt Pride, ev'n *Studied* VIRTUES ran.
Nay not *Acquir'd* alone, no leſs *Inborn*,
With thoſe rich Plumes his *Native Creſt* t' adorn,
Thoſe *Principles* of HONOUR ev'n i' courſe,
Flow'd not a little from that *Genuine* Source.
Yes, ſure th' *All-wiſe* DISPENSER did deſign
All of a Piece his *Veins* and *Life* ſhould ſhine,
Sprung from that bright *Paternal Origine.*
Turn next, my *Muſe* to his *Domeſtick Sphere*,
All pleas'd to chant the ſmiling *Graces* there.
'Twas not enough that *Patriot-Creſt* He bore;
He wanted *Love*, the Ornament of *Pow'r.*
Yes, radiant EQUITY's *Gamaliel* HEAD
Behold Him *Twice* to *Hymen*'s Altars led.
But from his *Second Choice*, to Heav'n moſt dear.
We ſee thoſe long deſcending *Bleſſings* here
Decreed ev'n late *Poſterity* to cheer.

But

But here, *Thalia* look with Raptures back
When firſt thoſe Eyes did that great Heart attack.
Such bright *Attractions* their joyn'd Forces brought
That ſoon their Conq'ring Pow'r her *Captive* caught.
Nature and *Education*'s equal Care,
Enricht with All that cou'd adorn the FAIR;
We ſaw in ſuch a *BRIDEGROOM*, ſuch a *BRIDE*
Ev'n an *Apollinary Gordian* tied;
Whilſt WIT and BEAUTY, with United Charms,
Here met to fill his bleſt Embracing Arms
From this *Bleſt* PAIR, their fruitful Genial Bed,
Behold thoſe Darling *Stems of* HONOUR ſpread;
His Elder HOPES, his VIRTUES *Manlier Heir*,
Nurtur'd with all that warm *Paternal* CARE,
Like his Great SIRE from *Literature's* rich Fount,
True Eaglet-like, ſo early taught to mount.
His *Virgin* NURSERY, a Truſt ſo large,
Their *Parents* and kind *Nature*'s Rival Charge;
Nature t' enrich the *Caſket*, they the *Gem*;
Their *Eyes* and *Mind* ſo match'd, each *Orient Beam*,
And early *Grace* to their Young Breaſts inſtill'd,
Worthy the lovely *Angel-Mould* they fill'd.
A little his ſad RELICT's Tears to ſtop,
Tender, my *Muſe*, at leaſt this *Cordial Drop*.

Her

Her JOYS dear PARTNER t' his long *Requiem* led,
Still lives in thoſe Young Eyes that mourn Him (Dead;
Thoſe lovely Miniatures now fill her Arms
Heirs to the *Father*'s *Honour*, *Mother*'s *Charms*,
Copies that ſhall th' *Original* renew,
And make the *Stock* Immortal whence they grew.
But as the fatal Bolt muſt once be hurl'd,
To enrich Heav'n by an empov'riſht World,
Great *COWPER* lay'd his *Mortal Glories* by,
Call'd up thro' Death to *Immortality*.
The *King of Terrors* his Commiſſion'd Hand
From his ſuperiour *Sovereign*'s Command,
Sent hither with the Stroke of Mercy came;
No lingring Tortures ſhook that *Noble Frame*.
Nay to that Heart th' unerring Shaft to guide,
At that ſick Bed his *Terrors* laid aſide,
COWPER in that bright Liſt of HEROES dies;
Looks up t' *Omnipotence* with Eagles Eyes.
As *Albion's* Honour, and the *Long Robe*'s Pride,
In his high Station thus he Liv'd, thus Dyed;
From this Survey of his fair *Life*, now turn
Our Duteous Eyes, and wait him to his *Urn*.
Here this now ſleeping WORTHY to conveigh
To his Enſtalment on his Throne of Clay,
The laſt juſt Debt that *Pious* LOVE can pay:
Hark!

Hark! with his lateſt Mandate He forbad
At thoſe great Rites all *Pompous Cavalcade,*
The very *Heraulds Train* denied to wave,
Even the leaſt trailing Streamer oe'r his Grave.
A Life ſo Prideleſs cou'd but ill diſpence
In Death with ought of vain *Magnificence.*
What tho' in ſolemn State led t' his late Throne
Of Juſtice; led to his Grave He wanted none.
Nay, in his once gay Robes of Honour dreſt,
Alas, that outſide Grandeur pleas'd Him leaſt.
To higher Views was his Ambition rais'd,
With his dear Country's Service truly pleas'd;
'Twas in that Labour ſtill untir'd He ſweat:
With *COWPER* to be Good was to be Great.
His Brighter Half in endleſs Joys enſtall'd,
Let then his humbler Funeral Train be call'd.
Tho' in that narrow'r Rural Cell enſhrin'd
His Great *Remains* t' his Six Foot Length confin'd;
His fragrant *Memory*'s more ſpreading Round
What leſs then the wide Univerſe ſhall bound!

FINIS.